LEATHER-MORE

OR

ADVICE

CONCERNING

GAMING:

The Second Edition.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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LEATHERMORES Advice:

CONCERNING

GAMING.

Gaming is an enchanting Witchery, begot betwixt Idleness and Avarice; which has this ill property above all other Vices, that it renders a man incapable of prosecuting any serious Action; and makes him alwaies unsatisfied with his own Condition; he is either lifted up to the top of mad joy with success; or plung'd to the bottom of despair by misfortune; alwaies in extreams, alwaies in a storm.

Hannibal said of *Marcellus*, that *Nec bonam nec malam ferre potest*, he could be quiet neither Conqueror nor Conquered: Thus (such is the itch of play) Gamesters neither winning nor loosing can rest satisfied; if they win, they think to win more; if they lose, they hope to recover.

One propounded this Question, Whether men in Ships at Sea were to be accounted among the Living or the Dead, because there were but few in-

ches betwixt them and Drowning. The same Quære may be made of great Gamesters, though their Estates be never so considerable, Whether they are to be esteemed poor or rich, since there are but a few casts at Dice, betwixt a Person of Fortune (in that Circumstance) and a Beggar?

But speculation in this particular will not be convincing, unless we shew somewhat of the modern practise; we must therefore lay our Scene at the *Ordinary*, and proceed to our *Action*.

Betwixt twelve and one of the Clock a good Dinner is prepar'd by way of Ordinary, and some Gentlemen of Civility and Condition ofttimes eat there, and play a while for recreation after Dinner, both moderately and most commonly without deserving reproof.

Towards night, when Ravenous Beasts usually seek their Prey, there comes in shoals of *Hectors*, *Trappanners*, *Guilts*, *Pads*, *Biters*, *Prigs*, *Divers*, *Lifters*, *Kid-Nappers*, *Vouchers*, *Mill-kens*, *Pymen*, *Decoys*, *Shop-Lifters*, *Foilers*, *Bulkers*, *Droppers*, *Famblers*, *Donnakers*, *Crosbyters*, &c. Under the general appellation of *Rooks*; and in this particular it serves as a Nursery for *Tiburn*; for every year some of this Gang march thither: One *Millard* was hang'd in *April*. 1694. for Burglary, and others since.

When

When a young Gentleman or Prentice comes into this School of Vertue, unskil'd in the quibbles and devices there practiced, they call him a *Lamb*, then a *Rook* (who is properly the *Woolf*) follows him close, and engages him in advantagious Bets, and at length worryes him, that is, gets all his Money, and then they smile and say, *the Lamb is bitten.*

Of these Rooks some will be very importunate to borrow Money of you, without any intention of repaying, or to go with you 7 to 12, half a Crown, and take it ill if they are refused, others watch, if when you are serious at your Game, your Sword hang loose behind, and lift that away; others will not scruple if they spye an opportunity, directly to pick your Pocket, yet if all fail, some will nim off the Gold Buttons of your Cloak, or steal the Cloak it self if it lye loose, others will throw at a summe of Money with a *dry fist* (as they call it) that is, if they nick you, 'tis theirs, if they lose, they owe you so much, with many other Quillets; or if you chance to nick them, 'tis odds they wait your comming out at night and beat you, as one *Cock* was served in *June*, 1664.

Blaspheming, Drunkenness, and Swearing, are here so familiar; that Civility is by the rule of contraries accounted a Vice. I do not mean Swearing when there is occasion to attest a Truth, but upon no occasion, or rather all occasions; As *God Damn me, how dost? What a Clock is it by God?* &c.

Then before two hours are at an end, some one who has been heated with Wine, or made Cholerick with loss of his Money, raises a Quarrel, Swords are drawn, and perhaps the boxes and Candlesticks thrown at one another; and all the House in a Garboyle, forming a perfect Type of Hell.

Wou'd you imagine it to be true? that a grave Gentleman well stricken in years, in so much as he cannot see the pip's of the Dice, is so infatuated with this Witchery, as to play here with others eyes, of whom this Quibble was rais'd, *That* Mr.—— *such a one plays at Dice by the Ear.* Another Gentleman stark blind, I have seen play at Hazzard, and sure that must be by the Ear too.

Late at night when the Company grows thin, and your eyes dim with watching, false dice are often put upon the ignorant, or they are otherwise cosened with topping, or slurring, *&c.* And if you be not vigilant, the Box-keeper shall score you up double or treble Boxes, and though you have lost your Money, dun you as severely for it, as if it were the justest debt in the World.

There are yet some gentiler and more subtile Rooks, whom you shall not distinguish by their outward demeanor from persons of Condition: and who will sit by a whole evening, and observe who wins; and then if the Winner be bubbleable, they will insinuate

nuate themselves into his acquaintance, and civilly invite him to drink a glass of Wine, wheadle him into play and win all his Money, either by false dice, as high Fullams, low Fullams, 5, 4, 2, 5. &c. Or by Palming, Topping, Knapping, or Slurring; Or in case he be past that Classis of Ignoramusses, then by Crossbyting, or some other dexterity, of which they have variety unimaginable; Note by the way, that when they have you at the Tavern and think you a sure *Bubble*, they will many times purposely lose some small summe to you the first time, to engage you more freely to Bleed (as they call it) at the second meeting, to which they will be sure to invite you.

A Gentleman whom ill Fortune had hurried into Passion, took a Box and Dice to a side Table and there fell to throwing by himself, at length swears with an Emphasis, ——— *Damme, now I throw for nothing, I can winne a thousand pounds; but when I play for Money, I loose my Arse.*

If the House find you free to the Box and a constant Caster, you shall be Treated below with Suppers at night, and Cawdle in the morning, and have the Honour to be styled, *A Love of the House*, whilst your Money lasts, which certainly will not be long; For as the *Lamia* destroy'd men, under pretense of kindness, so 'tis here.

In

In a word, this course of life shall afford you so many Affronts, and such a number of vexations, as shall in time convert both your Soul and Body into *Anguish*, and *Anguish* in some has turn'd to madness. Thus one *Bell*, a young fellow not many years since, had by strange Fortune runne up a very small summe to fifteen hundred pounds, and put himself into a Garb accordingly, could not give over, plaid on, fortune turn'd, lost it all, run mad, and so dyed.

If what has been said will not make you detest this abominable kind of life, will the almost certain losse of your Money do it? I'le undertake to demonstrate, that 'tis ten to one you shall be a loser at the years end with constant Play upon the square.——If then 20 persons bring 200 *l.* apiece, which makes 4000 *l.* and resolve to play; for example, three or four hours a day for a year, I'le wager the Box shall have 1500 *l.* of the Money, and that 18 of the 20 persons shall be losers.

I have seen (in a lower instance) three persons sit down at twelve penny *Inn* and *Inn*, and each draw 40 shillings apiece, and in little more than two hours, the Box has had 3 *l.* of the Money, and all the three Gamesters have been loosers, and laugh'd at for their indiscretion.

At an *Ordinary* you shall scarce have a night pass without a quarrel, and you must either tame-

ly

ly put up an Affront, or else be engag'd in a Duel next morning, upon some trifling insignificant occasion, pretended to be a point of Honour.

Most Gamesters begin at small game, and by degrees, if their Money or Estates hold out, they rise to great summs; some have plaid first all their Money, then their Rings, Coach and Horses, even their wearing Cloaths, and Perry-wiggs, and then such a Farme, and at last perhaps a Lordship. You may read in our Histories how Sir *Miles Partridge* plaid at dice with King *Henry the 8th.* for *Jesus Bells*, so called, which were the greatest in *England*, and hung in a Tower of *St. Pauls* Church, and won them; whereby he brought them to ring in his pocket: but the ropes afterwards catch'd about his neck, for in *Edward* the sixths days he was hang'd for some criminal offences. Stows Survey. P. 357.

Consider how many persons have been ruin'd by play, Sir *Arthur Smithouse* is yet fresh in memory, he had a fair Estate, which in a few years he so lost at play, that he dyed in great want and penury. Since that, Mr. *Ba* —— who was a Clerk in the six Clerks Office and well cliented, fell to play, won by extraordinary fortune 2000 pieces in ready Gold; was not content with that, play'd on, lost all he had won, and almost all his own Estate, sold his place in the Office, and at last marched off to a forraign Plantation, to begin a new world with the sweat of his brow: For that is com-

merely the destiny of a deceived Gamester, either to go to some foreign Plantation, or to be preferr'd to the Dignity of a Bow-Street.

It is not deny'd but most Gamesters have at one time or other a considerable run of winning, but (such is the infatuation of Play) I could never hear of the Man that gave over a winner, (I mean to give over, as never to play again) I am sure 'tis *rara avis*; For if you once break bulk (as they phrase it) you are in again for all. Sir *Humphry Foster* had left the greatest part of his Estate, and then playing, as 'tis said, for a dead Horse, did by happy Fortune recover it again; then gave over, and wisely too.

If a Man have a competent Estate of his own, and plays whether himself or another Man shall have it, 'tis extreme folly: If his Estate be small, then to hazard the loss even of that, and reduce himself to absolute beggery, is direct madness. Besides, it has been generally observ'd, that the loss of one hundred pounds shall doe you more prejudice, in disquieting your mind, than the gain of two hundred pounds shall doe you good, were you sure to keep it.

Consider also your loss of time which is invaluable, and remember what *Seneca* says——*Nulla res magis est jactura, quam temporis amissio.*

Lastly,

Lastly, consider the great damage the very sight bringeth your health, and in particular to your eyes, (for Gamilkin wanted sight) confirm'd by this Distich.

Alia, vina, venus, somnus, fabe, lumen & ignis,
Ista necat mulis, sed virginibus nocent.

SONNETS.

A penitent Sonnet, written by the Lord FITZ-GERALD (a great Gamester) a little before his death, which was in the year 1580.

BLeſs in play mee oft forget,
The duty they do owe,
To him that did beſtow the ſame,
And thouſand millions moe.
I loath to hear them ſwear and ſtare
When they the Main have loſt,
Forgetting all the Byes that bear,
With God and Holy Ghoſt.
By Wounds and Nayles they think to win,
But truly it is not ſo,
For all their teeth and numes in ſin,
They moneyleſs muſt goe.
There is no Wight that uſ'd it more
Than he that wrote this verſe,
Who cries peccavie now therefore,
His Mother his heart do pierce.
Therefore example take by me
That curſt the luckleſs time
That ever Dice mine eyes did ſee
Which bred in me this crime,
Pardon me for that is paſt
I will offend no more,
In this moſt vile and unkind caſt,
Which I will ſtill abhor.

FINIS.

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